

Dawn Of Azazel

"Conflagration Of The Mortal Soul"

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Open, oh bowels of the earth, conspire
Lay might to us this day
Cornica sound, the call, the horn
The intonation of intrinsic decay
Metamorphose, the sword thus am I
Of this law, of this will
Praise be to Mars, the thrust gives no quarter
Purified from that which is killed

Marching in arms
And the masses to expire
As all past falls away
Unto romanticized funeral pyre

Consumed, civil atavisms smothered by crimson red
Enthroned the lion, the lambs words shall lie dead
With this sword, transcendence I enthrone
"Vendi, Vidi, Vici", with this I slay my soul

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